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Chapter One~Winter Is Here!

America was sitting on the couch in her living room, quietly starring out the window, watching, waiting for the first drop of snow to confirm winter had started. She waited there, not moving an inch, feeling the fire from the fireplace, heat up her skin, keeping her warm. As she waited, she looked out the window, and could see slightest form of a snowflake falling from the sky. It took her a few seconds before she finally comprehended what was happening right before her, and once she figured it out, she bolted up and out of the door, yelling as she flew open the door, "It's snowing! It's finally snowing! Winter has officially begun!" She was so happy that she started jumping up and down, and spinning in circles in the driveway outside her house. The door then flew open as Canada, Aussie, and Kiwi all made their way outside and started jumping up and down with America. Soon everybody was texting their friends about the news, and that they should meet them at their house. America felt great. She hasn't been this happy since Russia told her that he liked her.

Russia opened his eyes, getting used to the broad daylight coming in from his window. He heard his phone go off, what must have seemed like a million times. He finally made himself get up and go pick up his phone from his desk. As he picked it up, he saw that America, Japan, and Germany had all spammed him saying that it was snowing at America's place, and for him to meet them there. He groaned at the thought of going out in that cold weather, but if his friends wanted him to be there, and most importantly, if Ame wanted him to be there, then he would go.

(Time skip 'cause why not ;))

Russia made his way down the sidewalk, reading all the text coming in like a swarm of bees, he looked up to see that he had already arrived at America's house. He realized then and there how many countries had actually come over here. He personally wished that it would just be him and America, because he wanted to do

that mistletoe trick on her and just be with her. He shrugged off the thought and walked over to the countries all crowded around the house. "Hey Russia senpai! Are you going to help us build snowmen?" Japan said in her usual cheerful tone while waving for Russia to come over. "Sure." He replied, hoping to see America while he was there. He looked to his left but only saw South Korea and some other countries. When he looked over to his right he saw that, a few feet away from him, that America was there talking to Germany about the best way to build a snowman. He blushed a little just looking at her, I mean, how could he not? She looked really nice in her magenta coat and black pants, with her white hat on. As America and Germany continued talking he decided to walk over to them and talk, but mainly just to talk to America.

America was talking to Germany about the best way to build a snowman. "First you make a small snowball in your hands, then you start rolling it on the ground until you get the right size you want for the bottom of the snowman. Then you do the same thing again but smaller, and that again but even smaller. Finally you stack them an-" She was cut off short as Russia came up behind her, picked her up off the ground, and started spinning her around. America started screaming and laughing at the same time. When Russia finally put her down, she became dizzy and almost fell over. Luckily Germany and Russia were both there to prevent that from happening. As she held on to them for a second to stop the dizziness, she then looked at Russia, smiled, and said, "I'm glad you could make it!" "Well I thought it would be nice to hang out with my friends and sisters in the snow for awhile." America didn't even notice that Ukraine and Belarus had made their way over too. America then looked at Germany and explained to Russia what they were talking about. He then joined in the conversation and started stating what he thought was the best way to build a snowman. They went on and on and eventually all laughed it out saying that they were all being silly for arguing over a subject like this. America felt happy, but she had a small feeling that something bad might happen, that something was wrong. She quickly brushed it off and kept talking.

As China was walking over to America's house she stopped as she saw that Russia had America in his arms and was spinning her around. She was filling up with rage at that. Russia was hers not

America's! She hated America for that. She hates America for two reasons:
1) She was really popular
2) She was "blinding" her love with lies
It should be her in Russia's arms not America, China thought. She then decided on a fantastic idea, she would go over to the crowd of countries, act all nice and innocent, play like she was happy for them, and then pull America aside and make sure that she wouldn't steal her love ever again, or else...

Ooooo spooky right? Was that a good cliffhanger? Do I need to work on them? Also I didn't write much today because I have more ideas for future chapters that get more into the "good stuff" than the begging soooooooo yah :)

Chapter 2~Blackmail

China started walking over towards where America, Russia, and Germany were. She almost let out a laugh thinking about how easy this was going to be, how she was going to finally win her love and take America out of the picture. For once and for all.

As China grew closer to the crowd she yelled out, "Hey everyone!" "Hey China! Want to help us make snowmen?" America said, in that disgusting cheerful voice of hers. China hated her voice. It was always so upbeat, like she was never anything but happy 24/7. "Sure, but first, could we talk?" China said, already anticipating for America to say yes. "Sure," America replied. China then lead the two of them over to the sidewalk two doors down. She wanted to make sure that nobody would be able to hear her other than America.

"What is it you wanted to talk about?" America asked, confused as why China had brought them so far away from the others. Before America could even say anything, China suddenly had this cold look on her face, like she was going to kill America. "*Stay away from Russia! He's **MINE!"*** She yelled, knowing that the others couldn't hear her. "What're you talking about- uh-oh- are you trying to say you like Russia?!" America said, confusion and jealousy running through her. "Yeah, I was hoping you'd catch on. I like your little, well, tall boyfriend, and if you don't break up with him so he can be mine, then you have it coming!" "Suppose I don't break up with him, what will you do?" America asked, the feeling of competition running through her now. Russia was her boyfriend and she loved him, she wasn't about to let some silly words make her leave him, was she? "Well I have two options for you," China continued, "You can either run away and never return **or,** you can sit and watch as I take everything you love and cherish away from you, starting with little Kiwi." China grimly said, a sickening smile coming across her face. America didn't know what to say. She would kill Kiwi for Russia? She would hurt her friend for someone she liked? America didn't want China to hurt anybody she loved, so she decided to do

as she was told, "Ok, I'll runaway, but in return," America said, looking at China seriously, "You will not touch or harm anybody that I care about, including my friends. And you will leave my family alone." China held out her hand for America to take and simply said, "Deal." America paused and looked at her hand, remembering every experience she had with her friends and family in that one moment. Was she really going to see them for the last time today? She decided to add one more part to the deal, "And," China waited patiently for more, "I get to spend the rest of today with everybody, and then go in the morning, when nobody is awake or able to track me down." America sighed at this and waited for China's response. "Deal," She calms agreed, "Now we shake." America apologizes to her friends and family for running away in her head. She then lifted up her hand, and shakes China's. It was done. This was the last time she would see her friends and family.

Okkkkk I know I didn't write as much but that's because of school so yah. More coming later today though ;)

Chapter 3~Goodbye

After America and China had made their deal, they walked back towards the other countries. America decided that it would be best to spend as much time as she could with Russia and her friends before she had to go, and then spend time with her family tonight. She didn't want to run away for the rest of her life, but she knew that if she didn't, China would hurt her family and the people she cared about, so she was going to do it anyway.

As America was walking back to Germany and Russia, Russia asked, "What'd she want?" "Nothing..." she lied. She felt guilty for lying to Russia but she had to, or else China might hurt him too (even though she likes him. Pretty much anything to "hurt" America). She looked up at him and saw that he felt worried, because she knew, that he knew she wasn't telling the truth. "What's really going on Ame?" He asked, worried about what China could've possibly said to her to make her lie and not be so cheerful. "Nothing I said! S-sorry, I didn't mean to raise my voice but, really nothing." America added in a stern tone, frustrated at him for asking it again and caring too much about her. '*Nobody should have to worry about me'* she thought to herself, *'I can take care of myself, even if I do get hurt sometimes...'* And just like that, America felt a pair of warm lips touch hers. She knew it was Russia, and just like that, melted into the kiss. She could here her friends clapping and Japan saying, "Rusame forever!" But America knew that China was watching and had to break the kiss early. She didn't want it to end, but she knew that China was up to no good, and this was only the beginning of her troubles.

As Russia heard everyone clapping and cheering as he kissed America, he felt like their kiss would never end, no, he wanted it to never end. He loved America and felt like he can't prove it to her enough. Kissing her, makes him feel like she does realize how much he loves her. As he was melting more into the kiss, he felt America suddenly break it apart. He was confused because usually America would've held it for longer, but he didn't question it. He saw her

smiling at him and then jumped into his arms. He hugged her tight and whispered in her ear, "I love you Ame."

As Russia was hugging America, she could hear him whisper to her *I love you Ame,* so she immediately whispered back, "I love you too, Ruski." She didn't care what China thought of this because she knew that her deal was to leave tomorrow i the morning, not now. Now was her time to say goodbye, but it felt like she was saying goodbye forever.

(**Time skip uwu)**

As America got ready for bed, she realized how important everyone was to her, so she decided to see if Canada was still awake and go to him to say her "goodbyes". She set down her toothbrush, washed out her mouth while spitting, wiped off her face from any runaway toothpaste, and ventured off down the hall. She stopped at Canada's room, breathed in, and knocked on the door. "Yes?" She could heat from inside, "It's America, can I come in?" She asked. She waited for a response when suddenly the door opened. Right there in front of her, was her brother. "What's wring Ame? You never come to talk to me during curfew." He said, now worried about his sister. She looked at him, a tear starting to fall down her cheek, and hugged him. Tight. "Ame, seriously, what's wrong?" The Canadian said as he hugged back his sister. "I-I just wanted you to know how much I care about you and the twins..." America managed to get out. She started to cry and felt Canada hold her and then pick her up. She knew he was carrying her somewhere, but didn't quite know, her room perhaps? Probably. She felt him lay her down on her bed and tuck her in. "We all love and care about you too Ame, and don't ever forget that," Canada said, as he wiped back some of America's tears and gave her a kiss on the forehead. "Goodnight Ame."He whispered, walking over to her doorway to turn off the light. America managed to whisper back, "Goodnight Can..." she what her as he turned off her light and closed the door. She shifted a little bit in her bed and dosed off, thinking of her friends and family as she dreamed. Thinking of Russia. And thinking of what China said. She had her alarm set for 7:30 am, and as she was falling asleep, she whispered out loud, "Goodbye everyone." Before drifting off.

Oh wowwowowowowow uwu
What will happen? Find out uwu

Chapter 4~Missing

America woke up to the sound of her alarm going off. She quickly turned it off so that it wouldn't wake anybody else in the house up, and so that she could leave un-noticed. She quietly slipped on a pair of Vans, black athletic pants, a long sleeve shirt that said KAT on it, and her favorite magenta jacket to keep her warm since it was winter. She then grabbed her bag and began to fill it with clothes for all seasons. She wasn't quite sure how she was going to be able to keep them clean, but at that mattered was that she could survive. Be packed a bottle of water so that she could fill it up at rivers and lakes, etc. and, her phone and AirPods. She thought she had everything until she looked at her nightstand. There, sitting on the nightstand, was a framed picture of her and her friends and family. She smiled looking at the photo and took it out of the frame. She put it in he bag and zipped it up. She wasn't quite sure how she would get food, but she planned to make a weapon or something to hunt. As for the whole phone and AirPods? She planned on bringing a charger to share for both of those and find a town to crash in or something. She wasn't planning on living in the wild. Only until she was able to find a town far away from her own. She decided to go ahead and look for one far away on her phone. She searched up the farthest place from here (without making it too hard on her) and decided she would try to make the trip to a little town called "Wanborne". It would take her a few days to get there, but she knew she had to do this to keep her friends and family safe from China. She picked up her bag, slung it onto her back, and went downstairs quietly to get a banana before she left.

After America had finished her banana and left the house, she saw China already waiting for her outside. "Well look who finally got up," she said in that voice of hers, "Where are you heading? I need to know so I can always keep tabs. Just to make sure you don't break the deal. But I'm sure you wouldn't do that, you wouldn't want anything to happen to your precious brother..." she said smiling at this. America took a deep breath and said, "Wanborne." "How far is that?" China asked, wanting to make sure that America

would be far away. "About 100 miles? Should take me a few days to get there." "Good. You'll be a perfect distance away." America nodded as China said this and started walking off towards the North, looking at her phone as she did for directions. "And remember," China said looking at America, her smile suddenly fading, "Don't ever come back or it will be your brother her gets it first..." America nodded. She wasn't going to come back if it meant keeping her brothers and sister safe. As she she walked off in the distance, she looked back at her house, taking in everything. From the old gutters, to the new paint. She wanted to remember every detail. She never wanted to forget it. Ever. As she took it in, she turned back around and began walking again, listening as Sir said *in 100 feet, tune right.* This was it. She was finally leaving. Forever.

Canada woke up, the sun shining into his room from the window. *That's weird,* he thought, *usually America comes to wake me up before sunrise...* He decided to shake it off and went to go get ready for the day. He slipped on a pair of adidas, a pair of jeans, and a jacket that was white over his red shirt that said: *Not lookin' to Syrup Trouble.* He made his way out his door and was surprised when he say that America's door was still closed. Odd. She's usually the first one to get up and already be downstairs waiting on us. Maybe she's just tired, he thought and went downstairs. "Good morning Can!" His mother called to him. He could smell the sweet aroma of pancakes cooking. "Morning," he said, "Have you seen America?" He asked. "Isn't she still asleep?" France said. "I mean, her door was closed but it's weird that she isn't awake..." "Don't worry about it!" His mother said, "I'm sure she was just really tired from yesterday and needs more sleep." "Yeah..." Canada said, wondering if he should go and check on her.

(Time skip uwu)

As France was passing around the plates with pancakes on them Aussie asked, "Where's America?" "She's still sleeping." France said smiling at her youngest daughter. "I'll go check on her," Canada said, "This isn't normal for her to not be up by now." And just as he said that, he stood up from the table and walked over to the stairs. As he was walking up the stairs he finally reached America's door and knocked. No answer. He opened the door and was hit with

absolute shock. She wasn't there! Where is she?! He wondered, now worried about his sister. He finally yelled downstairs, "She- she's gone!" He heard everybody get up at that and rush up the stairs to see. Everybody was so surprised. America wouldn't just run off. "Maybe she went to see Russia early this morning." Aussie said. "Maybe," Kiwi said, "Lets ask him." They both looked at Canada and he finally agreed, after debating over it for awhile, to ask Russia.
Text:
Can: hey

Rus: hey

Can: is Ame at your place?

Rus: nah

Rus: why?

Can: because she's missing and we're trying to figure out where she is...

Rus: SHE'S MISSING?!?!?!

Can: yah

Rus: are you guys gonna call the police or something?

Can: just did

Can: we also checked with Japan and South and she's not here either

Rus: did you check with anybody else?

Can: yeah

Can: EVERYBODY

Rus: sh*t

Rus: I cant believe this

Rus: why would she run away?

Can: dunno

Can: it's not like her

Can: something must've happened

Rus: ok I'm coming over to your place

Rus: we can talk more about it there

Can: k

Russia put down his phone and let out a big sigh wondering, *where are you Ame? Why did you run away? What happened? Is that why you lied to me? Never mind. I'll find you Ame. No matter how long it takes.*

Wowowowowow so sad right? What's Wanborne? Is it safe? Find out in the next chapter ;)

Chapter 5~Alone

America had been walking for 3 hours when she decided she needed to rest. Her feet were killing her, not to mention she had already drank all of her water and only had a banana for "breakfast". So, yeah, she was hungry, dehydrated, and tired. She decided to stop and sit under a willow tree in the woods. As she sat down, she unzipped her bag and took out her phone. She saw that she over 200 text messages missed from her friends. She knew she shouldn't answer though so she decided to delete all of her contacts. She felt sadness grow inside of her as she hovered her finger over Russia's contact. She looked at his profile picture, one of him and her, yesterday while building a snowman. She smiled, but it quickly faded as she pressed the "delete contact" button. She felt so guilty after deleting everybody but knew it would keep them safe. She then went and looked at her directions. She still had 2 days and 5 hours left until she would get to Wanborne. She sighed, going to her home screen. She saw she had 60% battery and froze. "How am I supposed to know where I'm going if my battery is going to die?" She asked herself. *I'll just remember how many miles and count while keeping the phone off until I've reached each mile,* she thought. And so she decided to see how many miles she needed to walk in one direction and turned off her phone. She put it back in her bag and took out her water bottle. *Surely there's a spring or river somewhere around...* she said to herself. She stood up, her feet begging her to sit back down, and started walking off in the direction of Wanborne.

America was just 30 minutes away from her next turn when she could hear the sound of rippling water nearby. She quickly scanned the area, her mouth bitter and dry, begging for water. As she turned her full body around she saw in the distance a creek. She ran over to it. She was so thirsty. As America bent down and filled up her bottle, she screwed the cap back on, put it back in her bag, took her bag off, and bent down and started drinking the water.

(**Time skip again uwu**)

As America put back on her bag she had a thought, *I should set up camp here for the night, it has water for me in the morning and I need to find something to eat.* She didn't know how that would be possible, but, she knew that something would make its way along here. She decided that if she was going to hunt something down, she needed a weapon. She broke off and icicle from the tree next to the creek and held it in her hand. She looked around for a branch and, hopefully, something to tie the two together with. She broke off a bough that was really weak and put the two down in the snow. She took off her bag and put on her hat. It was getting colder and night was just around the corner. She saw she had a scarf in her bag and decided that she could use that to tie them together and she could just zip up her jacket to keep her neck warm during the night. She zipped her bag back up and put it back on her back. She picked up the icicle and the branch and began to tie the two together with her scarf. When she was done she decided she needed to go and find something to "use it on".

Night was drawing near and America could see that the creek was starting to freeze up. *I just need to find some "food" and then try to make a fire to cook it with.* She looked around and saw a bird in the sky. If only she had her bow and arrow. *Damn!* She thought. She should've brought her bow and arrows with her. She always went hunting with Canada on the weekends and used her favorite weapon, a bow. Everyone always said that she was a natural shooter ever since she was born, but she knew that she just practiced with it for a long time and advanced her skill set even more. She sighed and shook off the thought, looking for animals on the ground to hunt. She looked for 30 minutes. Nothing. 1 hour. Nothing. She was starting to think that nothing would come.

As an hour and a half was rolling in, a bunny came by running by. It stopped in its tracks when it saw America. She felt bad knowing that she would have to kill it to survive. America and the bunny looked each other in the eyes. All of a sudden, it was like someone had counted down for a race, America got up and leaped at the rabbit. It ran away and America followed. America was fast, but only because she was tall. As the bunny tripped it looked back and everything went black.

America bit into her cooked rabbit while she was sitting next to a fire she had made. It's warmth was so praised by America. She was freezing. As America finished her "dinner", she got her things all together and layer down next to the fire. She pulled out her phone and saw that she had 1 day and 15 hours left to get to Wanborne. She sighed, putting her phone back inside her bag, using it as a pillow. She turned towards the fire and fell asleep.

Uwuwuwuwuwwuwuwuw
America is a hunter? Coolio
How good is she with a bow? Uh secret OwO

Chapter 6~Two Days In

Canada laced the room, while the other countries were watching. All he could think about was his sister. He kept pacing, something he does on and on when he's nervous or worried about someone. "Dude calm down," Mexico said to Canada, looking stern as he said it, "I'm sure she's fine. I mean, what could happen to her? She knows how to hunt and use a bow and arrow so if she's out alone in the wild, she'll be fine." It didn't seem like he was worried about her at all. Mexico doesn't like to share his expressions and feelings with others but, during this, he actually was worried about his ex. He didn't show it though. At all. Canada stopped and looked at him. "Are you serious?!" He said angry that his own sister's ex boyfriend wasn't even worried about her. "She is out there alone and she could run into the wrong people-" "That's enough Canada," Britain said, butting into the debate, "She'll be fine. She'll come back soon and she won't run into *the wrong people."* Britain looked at his son with a stern look. They both new exactly what they meant by *wrong people*. Nobody knows, but Britain and Canada has an encounter with some.... odd, people in their lives.

Russia watched as everybody was talking about where America was. He took his phone out of his pocket and typed in the name America, in the the search bar of his messages. In a second, her contact popped up. Her name had a kissy emoji beside it and a heart. Her profile picture was of her making a snowman. Russia smiled as he remembered how he secretly took that of her. She usually didn't like to have a picture taken of just her, but Russia couldn't tell why. She always looked pretty in ones by herself. He respected her feelings though. Sometimes. He tapped on the message and texted her, asking where she was and for her to please answer him because he was worried. When he didn't get a reply for a few minutes, he sighed and put his phone back in his pocket, coming back to the conversation of the others. This might be awhile.

America woke up. She was freezing. She sat up and put her bag

back on her back, making sure to take her phone out before doing so so that she could check how long she had left 'till Wanborne. She still had 13 hours until she would get there. She grabbed her "weapon" and shoved it into her bag. She decided to put her phone in the pocket of her jacket (since she already had so much in her bag) and walked off into the direction of Wanborne.

As America was walking, she noticed that she had 2 hours down and only 11 hours left. *Great* she thought. She kept walking on and on.

As the afternoon came rolling in, her stomach tuned and churned, yearning for food. She decided to stop and go look for something to eat. She set down her bag and grabbed her so called weapon from it. She then hauled her bag back into her back and went on a hunt for her lunch. She walked slowly and carefully, making sure not to make a sound so she could catch something. As she was walking she saw a nest with some eggs in it. She was going to feel so bad about this. She put her weapon in her bag and started climbing up the tree. Branch by branch. As she stepped on one branch, it snapped and broke, luckily she had the majority of her weight on another, stronger, branch. As she reached a good level to the best of eggs, she reached out her hand and grabbed the 5 eggs laying there perfectly. *I'm so sorry little guys,* she thought as she broke into the eggs and poured them into her mouth. It was bitter but enough protein to keep her going for a few more hours.

After America finished "eating" all of the eggs, she slid down the tree and started going off back on her way. She pulled her water bottle out of her bag and took a few sips, getting rid of the bitter taste of the eggs. She saved the rest for when she would be really thirsty, and put it back in her bag. As she was walking Siri suddenly said, "In the next two miles turn right." She knew it might take her awhile to get there and that when she did, that would have to be her new resting place for the night.

Aussie was getting tired of listening to all of the older countries talk about what they were going to do and get together a "searching group". She didn't know why they didn't just say what it actually was, a search party. She walked out of the house and went for a walk down the sidewalk. It was weird that one of America's good

friends China wasn't there. As she turned the corner she could see two countries secretly talking in an alley way. She hid and listened in. "You're sure she won't come back?" One of them said. Aussie new that the voices sounded familiar but she couldn't tell which countries they belonged to. "I'm sure. She's gone for good. And the town she's going to has some of my old friends there, and of course, yours." The other said. Aussie immediately recognized the voice. China! Who was she talking to? And what other country were they talking about? She kept listening. "Yeah, she'll have a good time." One of the countries said, sarcastically. North? North Korea? So North Korea and China were talking about their old friends that live somewhere else? Who were they talking about? Aussie couldn't quite put her finger on it. She gave up on figuring it out and left before the two figured out she was eavesdropping.

Owowowow
Were you expecting that? They r working together?!?!? OwO
maybe more into detail later? Heeheheheheheehe
Also can we talk about the double chapter publish right now?

Chapter 7~Search Party

Aussie walked back inside the house, not mentioning to anybody that she heard China and North Korea talking to each other. She walked a few steps and saw that everybody was looking at her. "What?" She asked, confused as to why they were all looking at her, "Where were you when we were talking about us separating each other into different groups to look for Ame?" Canada asked, interested to see why she left. "I got bored listening to you guys and wanted to go on a short walk to get some fresh air." She said, neglecting to tell them about China and North. "Well don't do that again," Kiwi said, "We were worried that something happened to you. Ame being missing has made us all a little bit more..... cautious." Aussie just nodded and everyone continued to talk about the different groups. They decided that Aussie would go with South Korea and Japan while Canada, Mexico, and Russia would go together. Britain, France and Kiwi would go together and the last group with Germany, Poland, Ukraine, Belarus, and Philippines. Why was the last group so big? Because the last group would be looking deeper in the woods, so they needed more people, just to be safe. "Ok," Russia said, everyone silencing to listen to what he had to say, "Let's go and look now. The sooner we go, the more time we have to look around before night fall." Everyone nodded there heads and started filling out the door and going off to their designated search areas.

America was getting tired. Her feet were killing her. Her phone still said she had 30 minutes until she had to turn so she just kept trekking on.

(30 minutes later)

As her phone said turn right, she plopped down and observed her surroundings. There wasn't any water source so she would have to ration her water she had left. There was, however, a tree that she decided to sleep in for the night. She grabbed some loose branches and pulled them all together. She picked up two other ones and

rubbed them together until they started a spark for a fire. She sat by the fire for awhile to warm herself up before she took a few sips of her water bottle. She took out her phone and saw that she had only 20% left on it. *Damn,* she thought. She looked to see how much farther she had to go and saw that she had 1 hour and 30 minutes in one direction straight until she reached her destination. She decided that she wouldn't need her phone anymore and put it up in her bag. Too bad she didn't have a way to charge her AirPods right now. She had been using them most of the time while she was walking, to take her mind off of her aching feet. She sighed and put her water bottle back into her bag. She held one of the straps of her bag and began to climb up the tree she found a branch that felt nice and sturdy and put her bag behind her head. She then drifted off thinking about what the other countries in Wanborne were like.

North Korea sat in his chair at his desk. He was looking through some old history books, about Soviet, Third, and Japanese Empire. He remembered some things. He remembered when Soviet died and how sad Russia and his sisters were. He remembered other things too. About Third and Japanese Empire. "Oh poor America," he said aloud to himself, "You will be so surprised when you get to Wanborne. You might even run into an old..... "friend"." He smirked at the thought and got up to go to his bed. Oh what her face would look like when she saw Conf- his thoughts trailed off as he fell asleep.

Oh? Cliffhanger? Yas
Suffer from my hints >:)

Chapter 8~Wanborne

Germany was walking through the woods with the rest of his group. They were searching for America. They looked for any clues but to no avail. Germany sighed and turned back to look at the rest of the group. Suddenly everyone turned around when Ukraine yelled, "Guys! I think you should come look at this!" They all ran over to her and saw that there, in her hands, were America's sunglasses. "At least we're getting closer. So in theory, she went this way." Germany said thinking about all the possible options. She either went this way or dropped them there on purpose to trick them. "Let's go back to the others and show them." Poland suggested. Everyone nodded in agreement and they made their way back to Britain's house.

When they got to Britain's they were surprised to see that the other groups of countries were already there. "Did any of you find anything?" Russia asked, a small sound of hope for just one clue in his voice. "Yeah," Germany said. They all looked over towards him. "Show them." He said looking at Ukraine. She stepped forward and held out her hand holding the glasses. "Those are Ame's!" Aussie blurted out. Everyone started a commotion and they were all asking in what part of the woods that they found the glasses. "Calm down!" Russia yelled. The countries soon got quieter and went to a silence. "If you would stop asking them I'm sure that they would answer." He said. He looked over to his sister and asked her where she found them. "I found them in the deeper section of the woods." She said, handing them over to Russia. He looked at them and kept holding them. "We can't go looking for more clues right now though," Japan added in. "It's getting too dark and we won't be able to see what we're doing. Not to mention that we would freeze!" Everyone agreed with her. "Alright then we'll look for more tomorrow," Germany said, "Now let's all go home and get some rest so we can be on our best look out tomorrow." Everyone nodded and went their separate ways.

When Russia and his sisters got home, he went straight upstairs to his room. As he layed down on his bed, he held America's sun

glasses in his hand. He looked at them for quite a while. Thinking about her. He then decided to put them on his nightstand beside a picture of his family. He stared at the glasses for a long time and then drifted off to sleep.

America woke up to the sound of birds chirping. But it didn't sound like they were regularly chirping.... her skin felt warm. Odd. It was winter, she was outside, and she felt warm. She took a sniff of the air and realized it smelt like smoke. She turned to see the other half of the tree she was on was on fire! She bolted up, grabbing her bag and jumped off the tree. Her fire from the night before must have caught on the tree.... damn. She made sure she had everything, and bolted off away from the now spreading fire. She went in the direction of Wanborne and made a run for it.

A few hours passed and America could see in the distance a town. She tightened her grip on her bag and started to quick walk over to the town. As she came closer realized that the town had a huge dome around it. Odd. She stepped in front of the dome and a voice went off. "*Identifying country..... *ding* Country identified. United States of America."* America didn't know what to think. This town knew her already. As soon as the voice said her name as bunch of countries ran outside of their houses, some looking at her in shock and others asking if it was really her. She looked at them and then the dome opened for her to come in. She asked if she could come in and the others lead her in, the dome closing back behind her. They countries looked at her. She looked back. She was confused. Then a voice all too familiar came booming in. "America! How nice to see you again old friend!" She knew that voice all too well. The country came out from the crowd, and America knew exactly who it was. Confederate. "W-what are you doing here?" America asked. She was, honestly, a little scared. "No. The question is, what are **you** doing here?" The confederate looked serious. America looked pass confederate and saw a few other countries looking at her. "China wanted me to run away..." she said embarrassed. The confederate just laughed her head off. Some other countries just chuckled. "Well then," the confederate said, stopping the commotion, "Let's start a new way, shall we?" America was baffled. She never would've thought in a million years that confederate would ask for them to start over and become, friends. Confederate held out her hand for

America to take. America hesitated but agreed to shake. After all, things would only get better with her being friends with her enemy, right? She shook Confederate's hand. The confederate smiled, but not her usual evil smile, this time it was an actual, passionate one. The kind of smile that friends give each other.

Ok soooooo..... yeah?

Chapter 9~The Machine

"Let me show you where you'll stay." Confederate said. America was shocked. She never would have thought that she would actually become friends with, one, of her worst enemies. As they stopped shaking, America followed as Confederate led the way over to some barracks. "If you couldn't tell this is an *old* army camp," Confederate said. She didn't want to give away too many hints so she used the word old. America followed as Confederate showed her to her bunk she would be sleeping on. "This will be where you stay from now on." America nodded her head and threw her bag onto the top bed. She realized that Confederate had already left the barrack and she was alone. Again. She was walking towards the door when another country came in. "Hi I'm Greece!" She said. She held out her hand for America to shake. She gladly took it. "It's nice to finally meet you America. Confederate has told so many thing about you!" America shifted at this, feeling uneasy. They were talking about her here? She brushed it off. "Nice to meet you, Greece." She smiled and the other country smiled back. "There's just one thing you should know about this place...." she said. America was confused and looked at her, waiting for what she would say. "What ever you do, don't let Confederate take you to a machine. Ever. Don't let her sit you in a chair and treat you nicely. Don't believe her lies. She-" she was cut off as Confederate's voice could be heard outside calling everyone back out to the main "field". It was really just a big open area in front of all the barracks, that was just plain dirt. It was clear that the grass had died there long ago. "Listen up everybody!" She said. America and Greece made their way outside and stood in the crowd of other countries. "I want you all to show our new.... guest, exactly what we do here." Everyone turned to America, except for a few people. She blushed lightly, embarrassed at the attention she was receiving. "Dismissed!" Confederate yelled, walking off to a big building that reminded America of the kind of building that general and chiefs go to in army camps. "Let me introduce you to one of my good friends." Greece said, pulling America over to another country. He was pretty tall, about average, and about 1 inch taller than America. "This is Malaysia." Greece said. "How do you do?"

Malaysia said, holding out his hand for America to shake. She took it and responded with, "America. Nice to meet you." "Now that we have introduced ourselves, I think it's time to show you what goes on around here America. But first, we are gonna have to change your clothes. Confederate doesn't like it when we don't wear our uniforms." America was confused at this statement but didn't get anytime to think about as Greece and Malaysia were already leading her to another building. "This is where we keep all of our weapons and uniforms." Malaysia said. Weapons? Is this an army camp? What is happening? These were all the thoughts running through America's head. Greece took a good look at America and picked out one of the uniforms. It was, not surprisingly, a camouflage uniform. Just like what she used to where when confederate and her were having a war. She hasn't seen her uniform in years and this one, just so happens, to have her name printed on it. "Confederate said that she knew you were coming," Greece said, snapping America out of her thoughts and memories. "Go put this on. Me and Malaysia will be waiting for you." She didn't argue and took the uniform to the nearest bathroom with her.

When America was done changing and back with Malaysia and Greece, they were talking about all the exercises they do during the day. America was getting bored listening and started day dreaming. She dreamt of her and Russia, how happy they would be together if she wasn't here. How much fun they could have been having today. She felt so bad leaving him. She loved him and never felt like she did enough for him. Especially not now. A whistle blew and everyone immediately went back outside. America followed her new friends.

Greece and Malaysia felt bad for not telling their new friend about what Confederate was going to do to her, but when they were running over to America's bed, it was too late.

(30 minutes earlier)

America was walking back to her barrack when suddenly a hand cupped her mouth with some sort of cloth. She struggled a bit before eventually passing out.

When America woke up she was strapped into a big metal chair

with some sort of helmet or device on her head. She looked around, her eyes squinted as she was adjusting to the bright light around her. "Well well Well..." an all too familiar voice called out. "I thought you said I would never catch you again." Confederate said as she stepped out from the shadows and in front of America. "W-what're going to do to me?!" America asked. She was scared. She had been through too many experiences with Confederate. "Oh nothing much, just keeping up my end of the deal." She said. "Deal? What Deal?" America asked, risking ly questioning what the Confederate was saying. "You don't know? Well allow me to inform you," she said as she stepped closer and closer to America. "I made a deal with China. My end of the bargain was to keep you here and control you for the rest of your life, making you forget about everyone you love. Her end, was to bring you to me." America was shocked. She had been double played. "What do you mean make me forget? You can't make me forget anything, that kind of technology doesn't exist." She said courageously. Confederate only grinned, sinisterly, and backed up to a board of some sort with a bunch of buttons. "Are you sure?" She said looking at America seriously. America wasn't able to answer her as she pushed a button and everything went black. Everyone in her memories soon became blurry, then faded. Some of them remained but were really blurry. She couldn't remember anyone's name. Then, everything in her mind was white. She had no memories.

When America woke up, she was sitting in a chair. *Where am I?* She thought to herself. "Get up." A stern voice said. She couldn't quite tell where it was coming from but she didn't want to anger it. She quickly stood up and took in her surroundings. She could only remember that this was her home, her name was United States of America, she had two good friends Greece and Malaysia, and that Confederate was her master and Chief. Anything she said, America had to obey and do as she was told. America soon realized that the voice was non other than her Master's. "Get back to your barrack!" Her Master barked. She quickly put up her hand, diluting her Chief and said, "Ma'am yes Ma'am." She then scurried away back to her barrack.

Confederate smiles knowing that she had alter America's memory to be only of this place, as if she had lived here for many years. She

walked back to her "building", thinking about all the alterations she did. Let's see, she erase everyone she originally knew from her memory and replaced them with people here making Greece and Malaysia her best friends, she alter it so that she knew that she was in an army camp and that she would have to train and fight (especially against other countries), and she made it so that America knew that **she** was in charge. She smiled at the thought and opened the door to her building, stepping inside and closing off the gateway to be reached by the other countries.

Ok, I just have to say, this was very interesting for me to write! I loved writing this chapter and it is soooo much longer than my other ones. Also, the next chapter is kinda sad so be prepared >:)

Chapter 10~Time Passes

America woke up in her barrack, the familiar sound of the wake up call going off. She quickly hopped down from her bunk bed and pulled out her notebook. She looked in it and realized that today she would have finally been in the army for 6 years. *It's crazy how fast time goes,* she thought, *it feels like I just got here yesterday.* She closed back up her notebook and put it in her bag. She forgot how she got this bag, but like how it looked. She threw the bag back on her bed and ran outside to join her friends. "Hey Meri!" Greece said, waving for her to join her and Malaysia on the outer part of the group of countries. She ran over and stopped when she got to them. "What's the news?" She asked, wanting to know what kind of training they were doing today. "Shooting," Malaysia said, "With bow and arrows." "*Great!"* She exclaimed excitement jolting in her. She wasn't worried about the bow and arrows, however, knowing that she was very talented in that category. "Group A will go first," Confederate yelled over everybody. "Then group C and last." America was assigned to be in group B. Malaysia and Greece were both in group C. As everyone got in there groups they all went to go sit on logs and watch people fire the arrows. The first country went and got in the second circle. Then two more tries. And on and this went until Greece was called on. "Good luck!" America said, giving her friends the thumbs up and supporting her. Greece just smiled and went to take a bow and 3 arrows. She just barely missed the first time. *Almost Greece, keep trying,* America thought in her head. Greece took a second shot and hit the white outline of the bullseye. She went for her final shot and hit out part of the bullseye. "Damn," she exclaimed. "Hope you do better than me." She said as she walked past Malaysia who was getting up for his turn to go. "Good luck May!" America said. "Thanks Meri." He replied, grabbing a bow and three arrows. Greece's points had been marked and her arrows were already taken down. He pulled back his arm and aimed He arrow accordingly. He shot, and.... miss. Just barley. He hit the outer circle. He went for another shot and hit the white part around the bullseye. He went for his final shot and.... **BAM!** Bullseye! Everyone clapped and cheered for him. It was hard for any of them

to get a bullseye, especially with everyone else watching. He walked back over towards Greece and America. "Good look Meri, show 'em how it's done." He said sitting down in his spot. America nodded and went over to take a bow and 3 arrows. She pulled the arrow back and immediately got a bullseye. Everyone went quiet after that. She was the first one to get a bullseye on the first try. She took another shot. Bullseye. It landed in the arrow from before and went through it. She took her final shot, getting another bullseye, going right down the other two arrows. Everyone looked at her in disbelief. Most of the boys were blushing at her and the majority of the girls were clapping and cheering for her. She set back down the bow and sat down with Malaysia and Greece. Then the training for shooting was over for the day, now it was time to move on to climbing.

When the day was finally over, America felt proud of herself, but she also felt lonely. She felt sad thinking about how she's been here her whole life, never getting to explore anything outside of this dome. The only time she was able to leave the dome was when they went into battle. She was tired of that. She stopped thinking about it though and went to sleep.

Russia was sitting in the conference room with all of the other countries. It had been 6 years since America disappeared and everyone was convinced that she had died. Russia couldn't bear to think about that idea, so he spent most of his days thinking about America and mourning over her so called death. When EU stopped talking for a moment, Russia butted in, "I have a comment." "What is it, Russia?" EU asked. "Why aren't we still looking for America?" Everyone looked at him, a sudden sadness filling the room. "Russia, its been six years since she disappeared, I don't think we should-" "America would still be looking for any of us. If one of us had run away, she wouldn't give up on finding them, she would look for as long as it took until she found them!" Russia said this with sadness filling his heart. He was also angry that nobody else wanted to look for her. "I agree with Russia," Canada said, "We should've kept looking for her, fact, we should start looking for her again." Everyone started to talk about this and soon most of the countries agreed to look for America again.

China sat there and watched as they talked about looking for America again. She looked at Russia and saw that he was sad. Sadder then when he was with America. Much sadder. She felt bad now thinking of how she had hurt her love by taking his away from him. She didn't want him to be sad. She realized then and there that Russia doesn't want to be with her, he want America. She felt sorrow now knowing that she hurt Russia. She hurt *America.* She couldn't keep her secret anymore and decided to tell everyone. "Guys," Everyone looked at her, waiting for her to continue. "I have something to confesss..." "Whag is it?" Japan asked interested to here the tea. "I-I..... I am the reason why America ran away." Everyone looked shocked and then many of the countries looked mad, including Russia. "What do you mean?" Mexico asked. "I had a crush on Russia at the time and became so jealous of them being together that I wanted to get rid of her..... I threatened to hurt to guys and told her to leave. She only did because she didn't want me to hurt any of you...." she suddenly started to cry, pulling her knees up her her chest. "I-I'm so sorry..... I never should have done any of that." "Where do she go?" Canada asked, he was being very serious and had no time to be sentimental with this woman who hurt his sister. "W-Wanborne...." she said. Canada and the other countries immediately typed the name of the "town" into their phones. "Well what are we waiting for?!? Let's go!" Russia said, getting up from his seat and running out the door. The other countries followed, including China.

When they got to their cars, China wanted to go with them. "Why?" They all asked, "Why do you care?" "Because America was my best friend, I never should have done any of that, I never should have hurt her. I need to make it up to her and set things right." They finally agreed to let her go, taking off in the direction of Wanborne.

Double publish though?

Chapter 11~Some Things Must Go

America was walking around the camp when all of a sudden an alarm went off. Everybody started dashing around the camp and going to claim a weapon of their choice. America went to the nearest weapon shack and grabbed a modern technology filled bow and arrow. It was especially made so that it could turn into a sword, and the arrows were made to blow things up, some were filled with poison, others wilder filled with smoke for a secret get away, and the most important ones were full of other tiny arrows that would shoot out from it. She threw the arrows onto her back and secured the strap, pulling the bow down from the wall and grabbing it. She had a feeling. She felt as if this bow reminded her of another one but she couldn't tell what. She brushed off the thought and ran outside with the other countries. This wasn't unusual to happen. Usually every 6 months they get attacked by countries that randomly show up out of nowhere. They had to make special technology to defeat them because their flags were grey and they all of their old technology and weapons would just fly right through them. America recognized one of the faces of the country that attacked one time. She had a red dot in the middle of her flag with red lines/stripes distributing out to the rest of her flag. America immediately felt fear when she saw her and new that it was her worst enemy from the past. Japanese Empire. America feared her for one and only one reason. When she first "met" Empire (that's what I'm gonna call her :)), she was then suddenly attacked by her. She felt a sharp pain in her stomach and looked down to see a knife in her stomach. America came back from her flashback and looked down at her stomach. She couldn't see it, but she new that the scar was still there. It had remained to stay with her after the incident, always reminding her of what she had then been dragged into, known as the bloodiest war of all time. America ran outside with the others to see which country had "risen back from the dead" this time. "America!" America turned around and started looking for the person who had called her. She looked until she saw that Malaysia

was looking at her. She ran over to him. "Who is it this time?!" She yelled. It was incredibly loud outside due to the loud sounds of guns, bombs, and cannons firing. "Dunno!" Malaysia yelled back running over to the mob of "soldiers" fighting the country who has come back from the dead. America followed him and quickly realized that she didn't know where Greece was. She looked around worried but didn't see her. "Where's Greece?!" "I don't know!" America was worried now and was so focused on looking around for Greece that she didn't even hear Malaysia yell to her to look out. When she turned her head she was blinded by a light and then everything went black.

America woke up. All she heard was ringing and all she could see was fire everywhere and people running with their weapons and still fighting. She looked around and was relieved to see that her bow and arrows were still with her. She started crawling and was very dizzy. She lifted herself onto her elbows and found it hard. She continued to pick herself up one by one until she was finally standing. All of sudden her hearing came back to her and she could hear screaming, shouting, and bullets flying. She looked around for Malaysia but didn't see him. Then she spotted Greece. She was laying on ground. America ran over to her calling her name. She ran over and sat down next to her. She turned her over and saw that she had been shot in the heart. She was dead. America started crying and could see that a silhouette was hovering over her. She looked up, tears running down her face, and immediately recognized the country who had come back to fight them. America's heart missed a beat and she was immediately filled with more fear than she could comprehend. "Hello America, how nice to see you again." Nazi gave her a toothy grin and grabbed her face with one of his hands, leaving the other still behind his back. "Don't underestimate what I can do little American. We wouldn't want what happened in the past to your mother to happen again." America didn't remember her mother but knew by this statement that she was alive. America remembered what happened to her but she couldn't remember what she looked like or her flag. Nazi dropped her chin, releasing his grip and just looked at her. America took this moment to run back. As she was running she looked to see other people firing at Nazi. He went over to the. To fight back. She realized that she had left Greece there and tried to go back for her

when she was pulled by her wrist. "Meri, let her go!" America looked back to see Malaysia pulling her the other way. "She's our friend! Friends stick together!" "She's gone Meri..... you have to let her go." America looked back toward Greece and then agreed to let Malaysia lead her away from the battle to get treated for her wounds. She was so focused on Greece and Nazi that she didn't even realize that her thigh was ripped open in her right leg. She immediately screamed and the pain hit her so hard. Malaysia turned around and grabbed her, helping her up. She could barley stand on her leg now. She realized that she didn't feel it before because it had happened so quickly that it left her leg numb for a couple of minutes. Her leg was bleeding quickly and she needed to be treated. Malaysia ran her to the nurse quarters and she passed out from blood loss as she was out on a bed, with many other nurses around her.

Canada stopped the car outside of a gas station. It had already taken them a day to get only half way to Wanborne. As the gas was pumping he suddenly had a feeling run through him. Him and America had always had some sort of sibling telekinetic powers where they could feel if one another was hurt or sad. He couldn't stop but say America out loud. Everyone in the car looked at him. "What's wrong?" Russia asked. He had decided to tag along in the car with Canada to make sure that China wouldn't pull anything on the others. "She hurts..... a lot." "How do you know?" Russia asked confused. Canada turned to look at him and replied, "We have this weird thing where we can feel if each other is sad or hurt," Russia looked at him and Canada then added, "She hurts a lot right now and I don't know why but..... it's..... painful..." Canada looked worried about his sister which made Russia worried too. Canada then brushed it off and said, "But I'm sure she'll be ok when we get there." Russia nodded and they headed back onto the road, the others in their cars following behind.

They had only been on the road for an hour when the gps lost its signal. Russia tried his phone but it wasn't working. "Oh yeah that will happen out here due to Confederate not wanting any countries to find her," China said. "She only does it on the most common ways to get there." "What do you mean?" Russia asked. "I mean that she sends out a signal to the most common way to get there so that

your phones and gps won't be able to find it." Russia and Canada both looked shocked. They have never heard of that before. "What? It's not new technology." China said simply sitting back down in her seat and getting on her phone. "Ok so now how do we get there?" Canada asked. "Well I can tell you because I've been there before. You keep going straight for a few miles and the you'll turn left." "How do we know we can trust you?" Russia asked looking at China seriously. "Look, I know I don't seem trust worthy anymore because of what I did to my own best friend, but I really made mistake and need to fix it." Russia and Canada looked at each and Canada went the way that China said.

Chapter 12~Hurting

America woke up to a bright light in her eyes. She squinted and then sat up to find herself in one of the beds at the nurses quarters. She looked around and then winced at the pain that shot through her leg. She looked down and saw that she had a bunch of bandages on her leg, which were covered immensely with blood. She cringed at the sight and hung her legs over the bed. She breathed in preparing her for the pain and stepped down. The pain was so unbearable she almost fell over. She kept it in and a tear fell down her cheek. She brushed it off, remembering her training to not be weak, and started walking towards the door. She opened it and saw that everybody else was outside talking and whispering to each other. Many of them looked towards. She must've looked beat up and angry because some of them looked scared. She walked over to where she saw Malaysia and asked what was going on. "There are some new countries here and confederate does NOT want them here." He said looking down at her leg. "How are you doing?" He asked. She looked at him in their friendship joking way when they tell jokes and said "I am not hurting at al Doctor Malaysia. Ona a scale of one to ten it is a zero." Malaysia chuckled and then stopped smiling. "So it hurts that bad?" "Yeah, hurts like hell." America replied, trying to keep as much of her weight off of her injured leg. "Oh yeah the countries that are here said they were looking for you." "Me?" America asked. She didn't know anybody outside of the camp. Who would be looking for her when she didn't even know anybody else but the countries in the camp and her old enemies? She looked over to the countries that came in and saw quite a few of them. Everyone in the crowd opened up a way for her and she blushed a little due to embarrassment. One of the countries, who was wearing a ushanka, looked at her and asked, "Ame? Do you remember us?"

Russia and the others had arrived at Wanborne only a few minutes ago and finally managed to make it through the dome. Russia walked in with the others and saw Confederate, America's other self who was completely evil. He gave her a look and she returned it in

favor. "Where's America?!" Canada yelled at her. He ran to her out quickly failed at the attempt to jump her when she pinned him to the ground holding a knife to his neck. He looked at her with fear while she simply said, "If you want to see your precious sister you'll have to take another approach." She pulled the knife back from his neck and let him go. He quickly got up and back up a few steps. "Now, lets reintroduce ourselves shall we?" Confederate said looking at them. "Maybe if you ask questions *nicely* I would answer them." She said, not even getting a second for a breathe when everyone started asking her about America. "Shut up will you?! One at a time! Damn didn't someone ever teach you all manners?" Everyone else went silent and waited for one of them to go first. Australia was first to go and stepped up a few steps and asked, "Is America here?" Confederate paused awhile before deciding to actually give them an answer. "Yes but to see her will come at a price..." "What do you mean a price?" Britain asked, worried about his daughter. Confederate just gave him a sinister smile and simply said, "She may have forgotten a thing or two..." China paused and then said, "Oh no," "What?" Ukraine asked. China looked at her and everyone else and started crying while she said, "I also made a deal with Confederate to erase her m-memory..." everyone looked at her shocked and some a bit angry. Then they turned back to Confederate how simply said, "Bingo." They were shocked but then saw a limping America come out of a barrack and go over to another country. Russia immediately realized that she was thinner than when he last saw her six years ago. He watched as everyone parted a way for her and he took this chance to ask her, "Ame? Do you remember us?" He waited for a response and was deviated when he got the reply of, "I-I'm sorry, who are you?"

Sorry that this one is shorter UwU
I was writing this past my bed time lol
Bye and I hope you guys are enjoying the book! Also don't worry, it won't end anytime soon ☺

Chapter 13~Forgotten Life

Russia, and everyone else's, hearts stopped when they heard those words come out of America's mouth. Japan stepped forward and asked, "Do you remember any of us?" She started to worry for her friend. Before America answered she took in how different America was from six years ago. She was slimmer and had many scars on her legs. She looked back at America in the face and was almost heart broken to hear her best friend say, "I'm sorry, but I don't even KNOW any of you guys. I'm really sorry if you think we're.... *friends* or something, but I've never even seen you guys in my entire life." Confederate smiles at this, She was glad to know that her machine really does work. Meanwhile, the other countries "visiting" had their jaws dropped down. They were all in shock that she didn't remember any of them. Japan felt tears in her eyes start to come when America suddenly said, "Your flag looks familiar though...." America paused for a second and then her eyes widened big.

(Flashback)

America was on the ground, helpless. She felt pain everywhere. She looked down and saw she had a sword stuck in her stomach. She looked up to see Japan Empire looking at her, smiling like a maniac. "Oh poor America, always thinking you're so strong. This is just a warning to tell you to stay away from me and my allies. Especially Japan, my sweet daughter, who doesn't need you in her life." She grabbed America's chin and dug her nails in a little, leaving marks and cutting open parts of America chin that started to bleed. She watched as America had tears falling down her eyes, pleading. "If you ever think about trying to fight me, you'll just get even more hurt..... and I won't go easy on the burns again." Japan Empire let her chin go and walked off. America felt like it was just herself in a void of black. America took a look at herself and saw burn marks everywhere, cuts bleeding out, and the sword in her stomach. Everything went back from a void of black to the beach she was on. Her vision started becoming blurry and she could barley make out the muffled voices of her family calling to her,

right before she fell over and everything went black.

(Back to story UwU)

"What's your name?" America asked in a sinister voice. She remembered Japan Empire saying she had a daughter and that's why she was almost killed. Her thoughts were soon broken when the country answered and said, "J-Japan..." America looked at her, shocked, and then got angry. "So you're Japan Empire's daughter....." Everyone was startled that she said that, and Japan was even a little hurt. "Y-yes but I'm not like-" "You're the reason I almost died!" Japan froze. She would never think she would hear her best friend say that. "I'm not like her, Ame!" She yelled. She started crying and ran to the back of the other countries.

America started chasing her when Malaysia pulled her back. "Stop, Meri." "Why?!" She yelled back, furious from thinking about the pain she had gone through. She suddenly forgot all about that and almost screamed from the amount of pain from her leg. She started to fall when Malaysia helped her stay put. "She doesn't remember you guys and her memory was replaced with..... optional ones." Malaysia said while looking at the other countries who had come for America. Confederate was in raged that one of her "soldiers" had just said what she does. She had spared Malaysia and Greece from the machine, in return for them to never leave and to never say anything about this place, or he machine. Confederate started stopping over to Malaysia and grabbed America away from him. America helped in pain as her leg was roughly met with her weight. Confederate swing her around and looked at Malaysia. "Remember what I said about what would happen when you disobey orders?" Malaysia looked at her, fear and tears starting to form in his eyes. Confederate held up a gun to America's head. Malaysia looked at the other "visiting" countries and gave them a look for help. They immediately caught on and tackled confederate. When Russia had reached confederate and pushed her, she shot the gun. It bounced of the metal of one building and hit Germany. Right in his stomach. He fell to the ground and sat on his knees. "Germany!" Poland yelled, running up behind him. The other countries turned their head and focused their attention on Germany, coming to his aid. America was in disbelief. She didn't know what was going on and

what confederate and Malaysia were talking about. She felt everything become dizzy and started remembering her time in what was known as the war of all wars, the Great War, World War ll. She remembered the pain, the suffering, and most of all, the enemy. Her vision started become blurry and felt Malaysia grab her hand and lead her out of the dome, the other "visiting" countries following while carrying.... what's his name again? Germania? Germiya? Germany! Carrying Germany and holding his wound.

It had been an hour after Malaysia had led America into a car and the country driving left Wanborne. She had never been outside of Wanborne before, at least, not from what she could remember anyways. She looked at the country with the wound, lying in the 2nd back row of the car with other countries helping him. She looked back at Malaysia and saw he was talking to one of the countries. "So this is where you've been for the past 7 years? And then the next year America goes too?" One of the countries asked. He had red on two sides of his flag with a red maple leaf in the middle of his flag on white. "Yeah. I made a deal with Confederate for her to not erase my memory like America's...." he looked at her sympathetically. She just brushed it off and looked back in the back seat at the other countries, tuning out Malaysia and the other country's conversation. She looked at the country. He looked.... familiar. She was going through her memory when she saw another country with the same flag but blurry. Her memory was starting to come back a little and she remembered the country's name. "G-Germany?" She asked. She hadn't seen him in, well, for as long as she could remember. The other countries and Germany looked at her shocked. "Y-You remember me?" He asked, coughing a little and making his wound bleed more. Another country started to panic and hug him. Poland? "Poland?" She asked, hoping she was right. "She's remembering!" Canada exclaimed from the drivers seat. "Who else do you remember Meri?" Malaysia asked, looking at her hopeful. She tried to think but could only remember one other person. Japan. She suddenly felt sad and angry with herself for trying to charge at Japan. "I-I remember Japan and..... was she my friend?" "Yes!" Russia yelled from the passenger seat. "Who else do you remember?!" He asked, hoping she would remember him. She thought for a few seconds, but couldn't think of anybody else. "T-that's ok," Germany said, making America look back at him, "at least

she is remembering some of us at all. I'm sure that by time, and giving her medicine, we will be able to restore her memory. She might not act the same since she was in Wanborne for six years with no memory, but, she'll back to normal soon." He turned his head and was fighting back a tear from the pain of the gunshot. America turned back around and saw her bag with all of her belongings. Malaysia must've grabbed it for her while she was fading in and out of consciousness. She was glad for that and looked out of the window of the car. She watched the birds fly by and smiled, dozing off.

Sorry that I haven't been publishing as much lately..... I have school and A LOT of homework. Hope you guys enjoyed! Also I will take request on what to write for another book, including country ships.

Chapter 14~Medical Attention

America woke up to the sudden sound of everybody getting out of the car and Malaysia pulling on her jacket. "Come on Meri, time to get up and go." He whispered calmingly to her. She listened and let him guide her out of the car. She could still barely walk on her leg without it hurting like hell. She used Malaysia for support and he gladly helped her. He led her to the others and she looked around to see where she was. She was standing in front of a hospital. She looked and saw that some of the other countries had Germany and they were rushing to get him in the hospital. "Come on Meri, you're going too." Malaysia said while helping her to the doors. "Why?" She asked stopping him. Malaysia looked at her and sighed. "Because your leg needs serious medical attention, maybe not as much as Germany, but, it is still bad and it is getting infected." He calmly said while pointing at her leg. She looked at it and realized that it did look really bad. Oh well, just another scar to go with her other battle wounds. She nodded her head and let Malaysia lead her to the doors. She looked back and saw the other countries following.

When they got inside of the hospital, America waited there for a minute until a nurse asked her to follow her. She looked at Malaysia and the other countries and waited for them to approve. Malaysia nodded his head towards the direction the nurse was going and she followed, limping behind, tears coming down her face from the growing pain.

America followed the nurse into the room and listened to all her directions. She wasn't required to take her clothes off and put on a hospital gown because she just needed medical attention for her leg. "Could you please take off your glasses-" "No!" America was startled by how serious she had said that, and calmly gathered herself to reply once again, "No." The nurse looked at her confused but didn't say anything else as she allowed America to keep them on. There's nothing wrong with America's eyes, it's just that she used to get bullied by other countries, telling her that her eyes were too

perfectly white. After she couldn't take the bullying anymore she would wear sunglasses. At this point nobody questions it, not even her teachers, and nobody ask her to take theme off. The nurse stuck an IV into her arm. All of a sudden the nurse rolled up her pant leg and gasp at the wound. It looked so bad. It was burnt, cut, and infected all at the same time. The nurse covered her mouth with her hands. She had never seen anything like this before! She ran to get one of the more professional doctors from the hospital and left America there, wincing in pain as she looked at her leg.

Russia and the others focused their attention on the nurse who had helped America and was now running down the hall. "Doctor! Doctor!" She yelled, running over to another country in a full out pair of scrubs that were a navy blue. "What's wrong?" He simply asked looking at the nurse who was acting all shaken up. "T-That other country's leg I-is..... its soo bad! I've never seen anything like it! It needs serious attention but I don't know what to do." At this point she started becoming hysterical so the doctor sat her down and motioned for his team to follow him. "What do they mean it is bad?" Russia asked, worried about his girlfriend. "I dunno.... but it was really bad when I looked at it..." Malaysia said not moving an inch. He kept a stern face, something he was taught to do at the camp, and showed no emotion at all while saying this. The other countries began to panic until Malaysia added, "America will be fine, I'm more worried about Germany..." Everyone had completely forgotten about Germany until then. "We have to see him!" Poland said, quickly getting up from her seat. She ran over to a nurse to ask if they could see him. She nodded and motioned for Poland to follow. The others followed the Poland and the nurse.

Poland stopped outside of one of the hospital rooms. She hesitated before turning the door knob. "Germ?" She asked, peeking her head in the door way. When she got no response she opened the door and went inside, the others following behind. Her mouth dropped when she saw all these bandages on his stomach and lots of needles and tubes and all of that stuff hooked up to him. He was asleep. *Damn you're hot when you sleep....* Poland thought to herself. She walked over to the sleeping Germany and stroked his head. She gently placed a kiss on his head and leaned on the side of the bed, resting her head on her arms. Why did all of this have to happen?

The doctor came in a few minutes later, waking up a sleeping Poland. "His he going to be ok?!" Poland asked, worried about her boyfriend. The doctor looked at her sympathetically and then smiled. "He'll be fine," he said, "he just needs some time to heal." "How long?" Poland asked, worried about not being able to enjoy his laugh and smile for too long. "At least a month. That bullet got him pretty good, but he'll be fine. He should wake up tomorrow and you all can visit whenever you want." "Thank you." Poland said. She soon remembered about America and quickly asked how she was doing. The doctors face immediately fell. Oh no. "She'll be fine..." he said, thinking about if he should add more, "she just might take a little bit longer to heal." "What do you mean longer to heal?!" Russia asked, concerned for his love. The doctor looked at him sympathetically and knew that he was her boyfriend. "Is my daughter going to be ok?!" Britain said, taking a few steps forward. He would murder that confederate when he got the chance. He may not be the nicest father to America, but when it comes to someone hurting his oldest child, AND oldest daughter, he would go through hell to make sure she was fine. "She'll be fine," the doctor said, calming Britain and Russia down, "She just needs some more time to heal due to her wound being a 3rd degree burn and infected. It also has some cuts around it, which doesn't make the situation any better. She will be able to leave around the same time as Germany, but she will need to put ointment on it when she gets home to help with the infection, as well as bandage it up. You don't have to worry about that now though, only when she is good to go home." The others sighed in relief. Russia was still a little tense. He hated it when America was in pain. "Thank you." France said. The doctor nodded and left them there.

America woke up from her sleep and felt a pain on her leg. She looked down to see that it had stitches. She winced at the sight and looked up to see a nurse coming over with a bandage and ointment. To be fair, the stitches weren't on the burn, just the cuts around it. She guessed that the bandages and ointment were for the infected burn. She was right. She watched as the lady dabbed a cotton ball with the ointment and placed it on her burn. "Ahh, jeez! Fu-" she held in the last word and looked at the nurse apologetically. The nurse understood and said it was fine, and that this is actually one of the best reactions she had from a patient with this bad of a burn.

America nodded and winced at the times that the nurse put the ointment on. She then stopped and grabbed the bandage. Here we go. She started to wrap it around her burn. It. Hurt. Like. Hell. America helped in her scream and just winced. She didn't want to look weak in front of this lady that she didn't even know.

After the nurse finished bandaging up her burn, America quickly asked before she left, "Is my friend Germany ok?" The nurse smiled at her. "He'll be fine dear, he just needs time to rest and heal." America sighed with relief. She couldn't lose another friends. Not now. Not after how soon Greece had died. She sat back down in her bed and looked to the side to see her bag. She opened it and pulled out her phone. She listened to what Germany had said about her remembering people and she pulled out a picture from the bag. It was kind of old and a little dirty from the camp, but all the countries were still visible. She looked at one of the countries. His flag had a red X in the middle with white outlining it and blue for the rest of his flag. He was wearing a monocle and holding a cup of tea. She laughed. Laughed? Was she remembering something. Her brain was quick to act and she went through what seemed like a thousand memories all in one second. She came back to reality and immediately the country. His name was Britain and he was her father. She immediately remembered the other country beside him and remembered that it was her mother, France. She then remembered Australia, New Zealand, and Canada. She couldn't remember anyone else at the moment, and her head started hurting from trying to. She remembered too many countries already for the day. She immediately fell back asleep, not realizing that she was holding the photo in her grasp. Tightly. She drifted off and heard some other countries aww and comment about her. Some of her old friends? Probably. She dozed off and everything went black.

Sorry that I haven't uploaded a chapter in awhile 😓 I've been busy with school and other things. Also, I just didn't have the motivation to keep writing this chapter all at once to I did it in parts. Hope you guys liked it, and there may or may not be a time skip for a month in the next chapter 😼. I can neither confirm or deny that. UwU

Chapter 15~Time Passes;Wounds Heal

[image]

Germany woke up. His eyes squinted from the bright morning light casting into his room. He turned his head around and saw America leaning in the doorway, her arms crossed. She looked like one of those soldiers that stand in the doorway leaning against the frame while listening to a conversation with majors. She looked a little intimidating but he knew that she wasn't going to hurt him. She gave him a half smile and nod when she saw he was awake. "What are you doing up?" Germany asked. He was curators as to why America would be up and about the hospital with her leg. "Just thought I'd drop by and see if you were doing ok..... after my other self..... you know." He could tell that her voice started to get sad. He knew that she felt incredibly bad that her evil side had hurt him and he tried so many times to tell her that it was fine. "America like I've said many time, it's fine." America just held in her emotions, looking like nothing was wrong but not necessarily happy, and nodded at him. "Now, lets talk about your memory." He said, sitting up in his bed and reaching for his notebook that had been placed on the hospital table beside him. He motion for America to come inside and she did as told. She shut the door behind her and sat in the closest chair, farther away from Germany. She felt uncomfortable being alone with Germany because she was always used to being around him with Poland, or other friends. They never really have time to talk alone, and when they do, Boy is it awkward. She sat down in the seat and waited for Germany to proceed to ask her questions. He did this every morning with her to check on which countries she was remembering. "First of all, tell me the countries you know off the first thing that comes to mind." He said, looking at her with his pencil ready to jot down names in his notebook. "Oh uh-" she paused for a minute to think before proceeding with a list of names, "Japan, You, Poland, Malaysia, G-Greece...." her voice saddened at this but she hid her emotions so well that Germany didn't even notice. She then decided to keep going. "Greece, North

Korea, China, South Korea, Ukraine, Britain, France, and Mexico." "No one else?" Germany asked concerned. She had missed a few countries along the line like Scotland, Sweden, Ireland, Russia, Belarus, and Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. "Oh and Canada, Australia, and New Zealand." There it is. She usually forgot to mention them at the end and America would say it's because they are her siblings and they are annoying so she tends to leave them out. Germany sighed knowing she didn't remember Russia. "America," he said looking at her. She looked back at him questioningly, "Do you still not remember Russia and Belarus?" Germany honestly couldn't care less if she remembered Scotland, Sweden, and Ireland because America wasn't really that good friends with them. By that I mean she never really hangs out with them, just the a occasional hi and hi to each other. America thought to herself for a moment, thinking about the names. She just couldn't remember them. Germany noticed that she was trying to remember but couldn't. "It's ok, you'll remember them one day..." he said, feeling bad for Russia and Belarus. Germany leaned over to set his notebook down and winced the pain. America immediately ran over to help him get back situated. America had this soft spot for her friends, and ever since she was at that camp in Wanborne, she had this tendency to be overprotective or rushto help someone, thinking they were badly hurt. Germany and the others knew that this was from her being in all these wars and battles, and her PTSD didn't make it any better. Other than that though, she was her normal self. Whenever she remembered someone, it was like she had never left. When America realized Germany was ok, she stepped back to let him calm down. "You ok?" America asked. Germany nodded and America nodded back. America backed up a few steps and just stood there. It was getting awkward and to her luck, a nurse came in and asked for America to come with her. America knew that she was about to be put through a test on her walking skills to make sure that her leg was all healed. She followed the nurse and winced a few times when she stepped down on her leg due to it still being burnt and scarred. Other surprise the nurse had led her to her room. "That was your test Ms. America. You are free to go home now." America's whole face brightened up when the nurse said this. She almost jumped with glee. She went and grabbed her things, almost running out the door, until she remembered Germany. She walked back to Germany's room and told him about the news. He

congratulated her and told her that the doctor had just told him that he would be leaving tomorrow. She nodded and hid him farewell.

As America walked up to her house, she could hear her combat boots clanging on the ground and the small chains attached to her army paints jingling. She had her army jacket in her bag and her pants were being held up by straps that went along her shoulders over her white shirt. They were like army overalls. She also had her army hat on, considering that the clothes she was wearing were the only ones she had to wear right now. She walked up the steps to her house and knocked on the door. France answered it and hugged America tightly. Soon her whole family was at the door hugging her. "They finally let you go?" France asked. America nodded and everyone smiled and welcomed her back home.

America walked up to her room and payed down on her bed. She was extremely exhausted. She looked to her nightstand and saw a picture of her and another country. She studied the picture for a moment, but couldn't remember the country. She sighed from the headache she was getting from trying to and and grabbed her phone out of her bag. She had 3 missed calls from Japan and 14 text messages from different countries. She sighed and grabbed her AirPods. She put them in her ears and listened to Rise by Katy Perry and drifted off to sleep.

Fun fact:
America listens to that song whenever her PTSD is kicking in and she is remembering the past. It calms her down.
Literally the other countries have no idea about it UwU

Chapter 16~Remeber Me

[image]

AN:
Y'all about to get some wanted, Russia view up in here 😏
**Enjoy! Maybe the song relates to this? Tehehehe sksksksk

scars, but that didn't really take away her looks. "Can I help you?" America asked, looking up at the taller country. Russia quickly saddened, seeing as she didn't say anything about his name. America coughed to get his attention back. He looked at her and then said, "Do you know who I am?" A long pause. America studied his face. She gave him a look and then said, "You look familiar. I've seen you in photos, but I don't know who you are. Sorry." Russia's heart dropped at this. He simply said that it was fine and asked if he could come in. America hesitated but didn't when Canada came down and said, "Russia? What're you doing here?" Russia was thankful for the sudden distraction. He simply told Canada that he just wanted to hang here for awhile because nobody else was doing anything, which wasn't a lie. "Sure! You can come sit input hang-out room we have. We had it made so that when we have friends over, we don't have to be so loud!" He laughed at this, and Russia chuckled.

Once Russia was in the "Hang-Out Room", he sat down on the couch, keeping a reasonable distance from Canada. Canada, though, knew why Russia was here and asked America if she could get some snacks and drinks, to give them time to talk alone. America nodded and walked out to the kitchen. "I know you're here because you want Ame to remember you," Canada said, looking Russia in the eyes. Russia met his gaze and nodded. "I also know that she doesn't really remember you, and that it's killing you. Trust me, I remember what that felt like...." Russia nodded and then looked away, focusing his attention on a book lying on the ground, watching it carefully as if it would move. "I just want her to remember me and how much I-i...." Canada looked at him questioningly. "You?" "How much I *love her."* Russia finally managed to get out. Canada smiles at this and patted his back. "I know dude, and that's why I have developed a plan." Russia looked at him, mockingly. "**You,** came up with a plan?" "Well," Canada went, "not by myself. I had the help of a few others." Russia looked at him teasingly. "Oh? And who are they?" Canada smiled, "Why the best people to help with relationships! Japan, South Korea, and Poland! As well as Ukraine, Scotland for some reason, and France." "Your mom?" Canada nodded. Russia knew that France was known for romance things, but he didn't think that she would help him with America, even though America IS her daughter. "Listen," Canada said, breaking the

silence, "we are going to have you guys meet at the park, and then you two are to sit on the bench and talk. That's sure to jog up her memory." Russia nodded. It was settled. They had a plan to get America to remember him.

Sorry that this was a shorter chapter! I haven't been able to update this yet because I've been so busy with school. Spoiler! The next chapter is the last chapter 😱😭
I'm not ready for this book to end so soon! I hope you guys will enjoy the last chapter.
Make sure to bring your tissues 😭

Chapter 17~I'll Still Love You

I am so sad to be ending this book!!!! Thank you all for the incredible journey! Maybe I will make a sequel or something ....

"Ready?" Canada asked. America looked at him and nodded. Canada was going to take her to the park today and they were going to meet up with their other friends. Canada smiled and opened the door for America. She walked out and opened up Canada's passenger door and got inside. Canada then followed and closed his door, starting up the car. America turned and looked out the window.

Canada parked the car in the parking lot and told America that he had to use the bathroom and to go on without him. America nodded and got out of the car, walking over to the cherry tree where the "gang" usually hung out. Canada smiled and pulled out his phone. He pressed a certain country's number and waited for him to pick up. One ring. Two rings. Canada heard the phone stop and then Russia asked, "Hey." "Hey. You ready, because she is already walking over there." "Yep." Russia replied. Canada then finished up the conversation and went to get close to the cherry tree so that he could watch what was going to happen. When he got there, he saw Japan, South Korea, Germany, Poland, France, and..... North Korea? He smiled and nodded for a hello, only to them sit with them and watch.

America sat down in the grass beneath the cherry tree. She watched as a few pedals fell down, one landing on her hand. She held Theresa in her hand. Where were Canada and the others? She blew the pedal away and saw a figure walking towards her. Finally!, she thought to herself. When the figure walked closer, she realized that it wasn't one of her friends, it was that one country. Rousia? Rosia? Russia! Russia. Everyone had told her that she used to know him and was even in love with him, but she couldn't remember. She watched as he got closer. "Mind if I sit with you?" He asked looking

at her with hope. She nodded and said, "No, I don't mind." He plopped down beside her. She could tell that he was nervous about something, due to how much he was fiddling with the strings of his ushanka. Silence. Russia finally broke the silence when he asked, "Do you remember me?" America was taken aback. She wasn't expecting to be asked that, especially since the whole memory subject hadn't been mentioned in about 4-5 months. She thought but was sad to think that she didn't remember who he was. She slowly nodded *no.* Russia looked saddened by this and nodded an *okay.* They both looked back at the top of the cherry tree, watching as the petals fell. A few minutes passed by and Russia finally spoke again. "Even if you don't remember me...." America looked over to him, wondering what he was going to say next, but what he did say, made America's heart race, "*I'll still love you."* America's world started twisting and turning. All of a sudden, all she saw was darkness, but what she heard was Russia's words repeating over and over again. She looked around the void. "Hello?! Is anyone there?!" She turned her head as a part of the void became lighter. She was standing in snow? She looked around, only to then see herself under the cherry tree. What? America walked over to herself, watching as she looked so happy. She watched as her old self grabbed some snow and started to roll it into a ball on the ground. Then another country started running over to her. It was Russia. He ran over and picked her up, spinning her around and around. He then put her back on the ground and kissed her. Her old self then melted into the kiss. Then the void came back. America didn't want to be back in the void, she was liking the feeling that she had when she saw her memory, but alas, she couldn't do anything. The void kept showing America memories upon memories of her and Russia. Even the bad ones. Eventually they all stopped and America was left with the feeling of overwhelming love, not wanting it to end. She was starting to remember him. But not quite everything about him. Just that she thought he was cute, and maybe a "small" crush 😊. The void soon vanished and America was back under the tree. She looked over and saw Russia wasn't looking at her. She smiled and grabbed his hand, holding it in her own. He was startled by this and quickly looked over to her. He smiled and squeezed her hand.

Canada watched from behind the bushes as America and Russia held hands. He smiled and pleaded in his head for them to kiss. He

watched as America suddenly pulled on Russia's jacket, pulling him towards her, and kissed him. Russia then put his hands on her hips and kissed back. Canada smiled and looked over to see a VERY satisfied Japan. They had done it. America was finally, all the way back. She finally remembered Russia.

And I oop?
Don't worry, this isn't quite the end of the boi

Chapter 18~Happily Ever After

This is the end!!!! I don't want it to end 😭 sjsbjzsbisnakamzjdbdn!!! Enjoy?! 😭

America was standing in the mirror. She took a good look at herself and smiled at her dress. France was behind her, putting on a beautiful diamond necklace for her. Her mother then pulled away and started to tear up. "You look so beautiful, my baby angel!" France held America's shoulders and started to cry a little bit. America smiled and turned around to face her mother, making sure that she didn't mess up her huge dress. France smiled and hugged her. She hugged back and then pulled away to face her mother. Right as she did so, her father came into the room. He stopped looked at her, and started to tear up as well. "My little girl!" He went on, running up to her and hugging her. She smiled and hugged him as well. Britain pulled back and looked at his daughter. He smiled and held out his arm for her to put her own around. She gladly did. "Ready?" Britain asked. America nodded, smiled, and walked with her father out the door.

Canada walked over to Russia. "You need some help?" Was all Canada could ask as he watched Russia struggle a little bit with his bow tie. "Please." Russia said, turning to face Canada. Canada let out a short chuckle and went to help him. After he finished, he pulled back and took a good look at him, only to find some of his tuxedo rolled up. He quickly fixed it and stepped back. "All good!" He said, giving a Russia a thumbs up and a wink. Russia smiled. "Thank you." He said. Canada nodded and then replied with, "Are you ready to see your bride?" Russia blushed a little at the though but then nodded. Canada smiled and walked with Russia to the altar. When he got to the altar, Russia could see many of his friends there, as well as his family. He walked over to his father. "Our son is all grown up!" Third Reich said as she walked over to Russia and USSR. She was filled with tears and went to hug USSR. Even USSR was a little watery eyed. Russia smiled and hugged both of them.

He then walked back up to the altar. Now all that was left to do was wait.

America walked with her father to the big doors of the church that led to the main seating area. She paused with Britain. "Ready?" Britain asked, trying to keep himself from balling out tears. America nodded as said, "Yes." Britain nodded and opened the big doors. America listened as she heard everyone get quiet and then gasp as they looked at her and her dress. It was beautiful. It was decked out with diamonds and had a huge bottom. She was wearing diamond earrings, and even shoes that were lined with diamonds. The dress then draped a long way once it got to the floor and into the back. America grew nervous at everyone looking at her, but even more nervous to see who was awaiting her at the altar. She then gathered up her courage and walked with her father down the aisle. As she walked, she could hear all of her friends and family ooing and awing and her dress. She finally reached the altar and let go of her father as he went to go sit next to France. She walked up and saw Japan standing in the front of the line of the brides maids. "You look beautiful!" Japan whispered to her. She smiled and turned to look over at Russia, who just so happened to be a blushing mess. Then the wedding officially began.

"You may now, kiss the bride." Russia leaned in and pulled America into a kiss, tilting her back. Everyone in the church screamed and cheered, many of those who were older cried and cheered at the same time. Russia didn't want the kiss to end so he kept kissing America for a tad bit longer. He knew that he was kind of dragging it on so he pulled out and pulled America back up with him. He didn't want it to end. America looked at him and smiled. He smiled back.

The wedding was finally over. Russia and America both sat on their couch and sighed. They were exhausted from the ceremony. America later her head down on Russia chest. He then saw this as an opportunity and picked up quickly to kiss her. This time though, it didn't matter how long they kissed for no one else was around to watch them. They kissed for what felt like hours until America broke away gasping for air. Russia had forgotten that she was smaller than him and couldn't go as long with air. He looked at her

and smiled. He then picked her up, bridal style, and walked to their bedroom. He laid her down on the bed and started kissing her more. Eventually America and Russia were tired of kissing each other and they decided to go to bed. After all, they had just gotten married today and needed their rest. "Ame?" Russia asked looking at the back of America's head. He couldn't see her face since he was spooning her (if you don't know what that is, it just means that he his holding her from behind and cuddling her basically). America shifted a little bit and then tiredly responded with a yes. "I love you." Russia said, pulling America closer to him. America then turned around and looked him in the eyes, smiling, and said, "I love you too, and I will always love you."

The end.
If you want a sequel or something, jus tell me